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NO. 13.

OFFICE—Washington Street, Third Floor South of Jackson.
MILLERSBURG, HOLMES COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, NOV. 14, 1861.

TERMS—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance.

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MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

A TON OF SOAP.
MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

OLD BRUNO.

BY N. F. FREDERICKSON.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.
One warm and balmy day in the June of 1780, occurred the event which was about to change the history of the Revolution. The British, marching through the northern part of New York, having wasted and devastated a pleasant village and hamlet, marking their way with the ruins of peaceful farmers' cabins, and the utter destruction of their crops of grain. But away from this picture of desolation, a more pleasant scene was to be seen. A more pleasant character, one where the calmness of the scene was to be seen. A more pleasant character, one where the calmness of the scene was to be seen. A more pleasant character, one where the calmness of the scene was to be seen.

Having found our way into the village, let us go further along 'till we reach the head of the valley, where the scene is to be seen. A more pleasant character, one where the calmness of the scene was to be seen. A more pleasant character, one where the calmness of the scene was to be seen. A more pleasant character, one where the calmness of the scene was to be seen.

This was the calm that preceded the storm. One morning as Mrs. G. made her usual morning visit to the spring for water, with which to prepare the tea for the day, she beheld approaching a band of horsemen, wearing the uniform of British soldiers. Their near approach she was still more alarmed by recognizing them as a band of Tories, of whose loyalty she had heard.

Reigning upon her steed, the whole party dismounted, and approaching the mansion, which Mrs. G. had fled on her first approach, demanded, in loud and belligerent tones, to see the lady of the house.

Her astonishment was scarcely less than her mother's had been, on beholding the room filled with armed men. But a feeling of terror took the place of astonishment, when in their leader she recognized Seth Jones, who had been the mainstay of her father's household, and who had been the mainstay of her father's household, and who had been the mainstay of her father's household.

Old Bruno, who, at their entrance, lay in his accustomed corner by the fire, raised his head and not liking their looks gave a low growl of disapprobation, and seemed about making preparations to defend himself. But he was so much terrified by the sight of the soldiers, that he did not move.

At this he flew into a violent passion, and began cursing at a terrible rate, declaring he knew where they were going, and that he would follow them. He then turned to the door, and with a great shout, he called out to the soldiers, and they all rushed out of the room.

THE HEROES OF FORT McHENRY.

A HISTORICAL INCIDENT.

BY WILLIAM EARLE BINDER.

There was a period (1777) when Fort McHenry at the mouth of the Chesapeake, was garrisoned by only twelve men and two boys—fourteen persons in all; and that in the early and eventful days of the country, when all around was a howling wilderness, and the savage red men were almost as numerous as the leaves of the forest.

During the siege of this fort by the Indians under Simon Girty, a famous renegade, a number of interesting incidents are told to have transpired. One of these was the gallant exploit of Elizabeth Zane, a young girl who bravely quitted the fort, returned to her father's house in the adjacent settlement, secured a keg of powder which she knew was hidden there, and under the very fire of the Indians succeeded in making her way safely back to the fortification with her much-coveted prize.

Other incidents transpired, as we have just stated, of which we propose now making a sketch. It was after the siege had been somewhat continued, and the garrison was reduced from forty-two, which was the original number, to four, that the Indians had taken possession of the settlements and corn-fields, from whence they kept up the siege, and as long as they remained under cover, with every advantage to them, the fort was in a state of siege.

Standing there, surrounded by his red companions, and waving his flag of truce toward the fort, we leave him and turn our attention to the interior of the fort. Inside the stockade all was deep and intense anxiety. And yet there was no fear, no wavering, no hesitation. Death stared them in the face, but with strong hearts, they resolutely met the enemy.

Still, the valiant little band was in a desperate strait. "My friends, shall we continue to fight the rebels?" demanded Colonel Shepard, commander of the garrison, as he appeared in the midst of his handful of men. "To death, Colonel," was the firm and unflinching reply of all.

"See there!" suddenly cried one of the men, as he turned round and looked in the direction of the enemy. "There's somebody waving a white flag from the window of Zane's house!" Every eye was instantly bent in the direction indicated. At the same time Colonel Shepard stepped as far forward as possible.

"What do you want, I wonder?" was the question that passed from mouth to mouth. "We shall soon know," responded Colonel Shepard for Girty, the renegade, "is going to speak."

INTERESTING FROM SECESSION.

BY F. W. HURTT.

Mr. F. W. Hurtt, of the City of St. Louis, had just made a visit to Cairo to the rebel camp at Columbus, Kentucky, where he had a social interview with Gen. Pillow and Gen. Johnston, and carried off Sunday in the fortified Zion of the Rebel cause. It was an interesting time of it, a full account of which is given in the State Journal of the 5th. The way Mr. Hurtt got into Seceese was briefly this:

At Cairo a Mississippi vessel was placed in the charge of Mr. Hurtt, and he was ordered to proceed to Columbus, and there to remain until he was ordered to return. The vessel was a small one, and was not very comfortable, but it was the only one that would take him.

During the recent campaign in Cheat Mountain, there were many gallant exploits performed, of which no public mention has been made. The whole country was in a state of siege, and the field, in which scouting parties more or less numerous met every day in bloody but unimportant conflicts. Among the minor battles, the most bloody and bravely conducted of which was that of Cheat Mountain.

On the evening of the 13th of September, at 10 o'clock, the Rebels, under the command of Gen. Campbell, moved out of their camp, and proceeded to the Cheat Mountain, where they were met by the Union forces, under the command of Gen. Campbell.

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A BLOODY SKIRMISH IN THE MOUNTAINS.

FROM THE INDEPENDENT JOURNAL.

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A WESTERN HEROINE.

THE ROLLA CORRESPONDENT OF THE MISSOURI DEMOCRAT.

Col. Crawford, of the rebel army, had pitched his camp in Lewis county, thereby preventing the progress of the Union men from making their escape from the enemy's lines. Under these circumstances, Mr. McNeill and two friends sought concealment in the brush. Being distressed of fire arms, Mr. McNeill was forced to pass through the lines on horseback, and brought in three guns for the men of the party.

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INTERVIEW WITH GENERAL PILLOW.

BY F. W. HURTT.

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